

Often together we would wander
Down by the old village mill,
Where all save the waters pouring,
Was hushed and still.

We sat together on the banks of the Harpeth,
And watched the crescent moon arise,
And send her silvery beams a-gleaming
All thru the azure skies.

We listened to the songs of the night birds—
And a pean of the plaintive whip-o-will,
Rang in sweet cadence thru the stillness,
From off the mute and darksome hill.

When I looked into the face of my Marie—
The moon gleamed bright upon her cheek;
And o'erwhelmed with a lover's adoration
I was dumb and could not speak.

Softly then she whispered:
And like a balm on my heart her words gently fell:
"Dost thou love me? Speak up boldly—
The stars a-twinkle will not tell."

Suffused, I sat in silence,
Gazing into the deep blue heavens above;
Whilst inward my soul strove boldly
To express my unfeigned love.

But today, all filled with sadness
Is the heart that was once blithe and gay;
And my gilded, youthful palaces
Now stand in miserable decay.

For the Death Angel, invisible and descending
In silence from above the vaulted skies,
Kissed her one chilled November evening,
And her spirit ostracized.

They laid her away in the little churchyard,
'Neath the moss-grown clay's great calm;
There she reposed silent ever
Asleep yet not alone!

And now off before hearth or campfire,
When the day has reached its longest-for close;
My spirit returns to the little village
Where the placid Harpeth flows.

Still flows the limpid Harpeth;
Still grow hush and stately trees;
Still come sweet odors inward
On the bosom of the breeze.

But the village is almost forsaken—
I can hear no children's cries;
Mother Nature seems sadly brooding,
And enshrouded are the skies.

The churchyard stands mute forever,
But the little church has been torn down;
And the grave stones are almost buried,
And with mosses over-grown.

I stood weeping o'er the grave of my Marie—
The rude grey stone still stands at her head;
But the lichens grow upon it,
And the Rambler Rose is dead.

But in its stead a weeping willow
Stands mute, and drooping o'er her breast;
And shields the grave from gaze at random
And the sunbeams' warm caress.

I knelt down beside the grave stone,
And hallowed the sacred sod,
Where sleeps my childhood sweetheart
In the bosom of her God.

Sacred shall it remain forever and forever,
Till my life comes to its evening close—
The moss-grave in the village
Where the placid Harpeth flows.

AN ANCIENT LAY

Yester eve when the faint shadows fled
On to the west where ends the day;
Yester eve when the sheep had fled
Into the sheep-cotes to munch their hay;
I strolled along a lone and green-clothed hill,
And thru the trees the wind did blow,
Bearing aloft the song of the whip-o-will,
Whose pean was melodious with cadence low.

Yester eve, ere the vesper knell
Had awakened the old owl on the hill,
I walked alone my dear.

Yester eve I saw the weary plowmen go
Wearily from the fields of toll,
I watched their tread, unsteady and sloy—
They a silent throng without turmoil.
Yester eve I walked 'neath the shadowing trees,
Whose great sinewy arms shoot up aloft,
I listened to the hum of the returning bees,
Whose laborious hum I was wont to list oft.

Yester eve, ere the vesper knell
Had awakened the old owl on the hill,
I strolled alone my dear.

Had awakened the old owl on the hill,
I shedded a mutual tear.
Yester eve, when the last rays of the sun arose
To cast their last reflection on the azure sky;
Ere he had sunk down to repose;
Ere he had kissed his sweetheart "good-bye,"
I walked into a lonely forest glade,
Where the incessant ripple of the brooklet aspired
To infatuate me as a lad would the pretty maid.
It importuned me on its banks to abide.

Yester eve, ere the vesper knell
Had awakened the old owl on the hill,
I wished for thee, my dear.

Yester eve, before the hermit's door I stood,
Whilst all around me was melancholy and still;
Save in a remote region of the hushless wood,
Where the thousand-throat rebuked the whip-o-will.
Around the hermit's adobe there grew a vine
That clung like green ivy to its battered walls;
And all its neighbors it did entwine—
Even the wild rambler rose it enthralled.

Yester eve, my dear, ere the vesper knell
Rang out his doleful warning peal,
I smote the hermit's door.

Yester eve, ere the last rose tints died,
I bade my sanctimonious host adieu.
He admonished me without one word of pride,
To seek holiness and the path of peace pursue.
"Adieu," I said, and wended my way
Thru devious paths thick with hindering shrubs
That entwine and embrace each other mutually,
Thus forming an effectual barrier of the wood.

Yester eve, ere the vesper knell
Had awakened the old owl on the hill,
I knelt with my mother in prayer.

Cumberland Furnace, Tenn.
December 9, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little girl nine years old
and I go to school every day. Mrs. R.

E. Armstrong is my teacher, she is
good to me and I mind her, I want
you to bring me some apples, oranges,
candy, a doll, doll bed and a
piano. Don't forget father, sister

and brother. Don't forget my teacher.
Good bye.
I am going to bed early.
LUCY TINKLE BELL.

Little Ones Write to Santa Claus.

Cumberland Furnace, Tenn.
December 10, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little girl four years old
and I am very nice to mind my mamma
and papa, so will you please bring
me a doll, doll bed, a rocking chair
and candy, oranges, apples, nuts.
Please don't forget my mamma and
papa and grandma and grandpa and
all of my aunts and uncles and please
remember my little sister also my
little cousins. I will save you some
custard and cake and the rest of the
good things that we have to eat for
Xmas. I will go to bed early on
Xmas eve night.
Your truly little,
ESTELLA BROWN.

Cumberland Furnace, Tenn.
December 10, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little boy fifteen years old,
I went to school a while this year
but now I am working out. I raised
my father a very good crop of corn
this year, so will you please bring
me a rifle, apples, candy, oranges and
nuts. Please don't forget my parents,
sister and brothers.
Respectfully yours,
ABNER VAULIER.

December 11, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little boy four years old, I
am good to mind my mamma and
papa. I call myself my papa's man,
so will you please bring me a wagon,
horn, apples, oranges, candy. Please
don't forget my mamma and papa
and my dear grandma, also my sister
and brothers. Please remember
all of my little cousins. I will be
good and go to bed early on Xmas
night.
Sincerely your little,
CLARENCE HOPPERSON.

Cumberland Furnace, Tenn.
December 11, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little boy eleven years of
age, I go to school every day, I study
the fourth grade, I mind my mamma
and papa. I have been a very good
little boy so will you please bring
me a little rain coat and a few toys,
apples, oranges, candy, nuts. Please
don't forget my mamma and papa
and my sisters and brothers and all
of my little cousins. Please remember
my grandma, also my little nieces
and nephews in Nashville.
Respectfully your little,
EDDIE ARMSTRONG.

Cumberland Furnace, Tenn.
December 11, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little boy fifteen years of
age, I go to school every day, I study
the fourth grade, I am very nice
to mind my mamma. I am a poor little
fatherless boy, I have been good
all the year, now will you please
bring me a little overcoat and cap,
oranges, apple, nuts, candies. Please
remember my mother and sister and
brothers, also my teacher, Mrs. R. E.
Armstrong and all of my cousins and
friend boys. I will put out the fire
so you come down the chimney.

Please don't forget my two little
nieces, Phillis and Peartha White.
Your truly little
JAMES BOWENS.

Cumberland Furnace, Tenn.
December 11, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little boy ten years old, I
go to school every day. I am in the
little primer class and I am nice
to mind my mamma and papa and I
have been good all the year and I
want you to please bring a little
buggy and a pony, apples, oranges,
nuts and candy, please don't forget
my mamma and papa and my grand-
ma and grandpa and my little sister
and brother. Please remember my
teacher, Mrs. R. E. Armstrong, I
will be good and go to bed early on
Xmas eve night.
Your loving little friend,
JOHN WESLEY JACKSON.

Cumberland Furnace, Tenn.
December 11, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little boy twelve years old,
I go to school every day, I study the
second grade, I have been good all
the year. I raised my papa a good
crop of corn so will you please bring
me a little wagon and two little
horses and a rifle, candy, apples,
oranges and nuts. Please don't forget
my mamma and papa, sisters and
brothers, also Charlie Jackson, my
little nephew and please don't forget
my dear teacher, Mrs. R. E. Armstrong.
I will go to bed early on
Xmas eve night.
I am yours truly,
AMOS TARTLTON.

Lewisburg, Tenn., Dec. 13, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
We are very small and can't write
but Aunt Velina will write for us.
Please bring us plenty of candies,
nuts and fruits and please remember
my mother and father, bring them
something nice and don't forget little
Mamie and Fat Mamma also Elsie
and Robert bring them something nice
too.
Good bye, from,
DORNA AND LITTLE THELMA
FITZPATRICK.

Lewisburg, Tenn., Dec. 13, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
It has been some time since I have
written you, but you are not forgotten.
I am going to ask you to please
bring me a pair of glasses because
my eyes have gotten so bad I can
hardly see how to do my work suc-
cessfully and please remember my
sons Thomas and Homer Fitzpatrick
in Louisville, Ky., carry them some-
thing nice. This is all from
SALLIE FITZPATRICK.

Lewisburg, Tenn., Dec. 13, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little boy just six years
old, please bring me some candies,
nuts, fruits and everything that's
nice, please remember my mother
and papa, bring them something
thing nice. I have an older brother
name Eddie, he is very fond of hunt-
ing, bring him another dog to go
with the one has has so he can go
to the woods and bring the cats in.
He can handle his pap's Chivoret
like a monkey handles his tail, re-
member by brothers in Louisville,
Ky., carry them something nice also.
This is all.
From your little boy,
EMMETT FITZPATRICK.

Lewisburg, Tenn., Dec. 13, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am going to school every day,
Please bring me plenty of nuts, can-
dies, fruits and everything that's
nice for a little school boy and please
don't forget my dear teacher, Mr. O.
F. Bishop, bring him something nice,
also my dear school mates, my brother
Reza has two little girls, Dorna
and Thelma, bring them everything
nice to eat and above all don't forget
my sister Velma, bring her a sweet
heart. If you can think of any thing
else I need bring it on.
Good bye,
CORA LOUIS FITZPATRICK.

Lewisburg, Tenn., Dec. 13, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am only twelve years old and go-
ing to school every day, please bring
me everything nice to eat, remember
my mother and papa also my sister
and brothers, bring them something
also. Please don't forget my dear
teacher, Mr. O. F. Bishop and school
mates, bring them something also.
I am going to ask you to remember
my sister-in-law, Mary, bring her a
set of dishes and a new rocker and
above all don't forget my dear friend,
Mr. Cornelius Jones, please bring him
a sweet heart for he is all alone now.
If I have omitted any one bring them
something also. Good night Dear
Kris,
WILLIE MAUD FITZPATRICK.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 8, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I want a doll and a cap and a
scarf. Santa I won't ask for very
much, but I want some oranges and
some nuts. Good bye Santa, I will
close my letter,
From little
DORTHY GANTT,
636 Fogg St., Nashville Tenn.

Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little boy five years old and
I want you to please bring me a big
tin wagon, a train that runs on the
track, an overcoat and hat and plenty
of oranges and just anything else
that you have nice for a little boy
and please don't forget my little sister
Narman Louise, she wants a baby
doll, a doll buggy, a tub and wash-
board a little trunk and a new hat
and don't forget my little cousin
Mataline, she wants a doll and some
new dresses and please remember my
mamma and papa, my two grand-
mothers and Sisie.

From your little boy,
SUMMERFIELD BATTS, JR.,
707 1-2 Georgia St., East Nashville.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 14, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little girl four years old,
mamma thinks I have been a very
good little girl, so I am quite sure
you will bring me a lot of pretty
things. I want you to bring me a
Negro doll, tricycle, dishes, stove,
stockings, pair of gloves, plenty of
good things to eat and a sweet little
dress for my Xmas exercise, but
Santa, above all things, please re-
member my sweet little mamma,
Mamie and brother C. H. Jr. Grand-
ma Pinkard, Great grandma Boyd,
Aunt Martha and Uncle Samuel, with
whom we stay and all of my little
cousins. Bye bye.
Your little girl,
DORTHY MILDRED ALLISON,
1915 Heffernan St., City.
P. S.—Don't forget to bring little

brother C. H. a play soldier suit and
gun.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 14, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little boy three years old,
Mamie mamma thinks I am the only
little man it is. I don't want very
much this Xmas for I have lots of
toys you brought me last Xmas. I
want you to bring me a play soldier
suit, gun, wagon, horn, drum, stock-
ings and a plenty of good things to
eat, remember my little sister Dor-
thy Mildred, mamma, great grand-
ma Boyd and my little cousins, Lenora,
S. J. and Leon Bryant also Robt.
Leo, Esther and Edwina Pinkard. I
think this is all for this time, good-
bye.
Your little boy,
CHAS. HENRY ALLISON,
1915 Heffernan St., City.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 11, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little girl ten years old, I
have tried to be good all the year.
Please don't forget to bring me some
candy and some oranges.
Your little friend,
NOLAN HOWARD,
512 10th Ave., S.

Whiteville, Tenn., Dec. 14, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little boy one year and nine
months old and as this is my second
Xmas, please be very good to me. I
don't need so many play things, but
will appreciate them, especially use-
ful things. I have been a sweet little
boy and smart as can be. Mother
says I have. Now, Santa, I will tell
you what I want you to bring me.
Please bring me a wagon that I can
haul grandma's stove wood in for
her, a teddy bear, I want to take
him to church with me. A big horn
that I can blow, a cap to wear to
church, a Negro doll, some candies,
nuts, apples, oranges and some rais-
ins. Please don't forget little Jim-
mie L. Cross and little Henry
Mitchell, Jr., they are my playmates.
Yours truly,
EZEEL DAWKINS.
P. S.—Please don't forget my dear
mother. I think she would like a
cap to wear to her school.

Cumberland Furnace, Tenn.
December 9, 1917.

Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little girl four years old,
my mother said I am very good. I
want you to bring me some oranges,
candy, apples, nuts and big doll that
can open and shut her eyes, don't for-
get mother and father and grand-
mother too, bring her a twist of to-
bacco and pipe.
Yours truly,
MAGGIE DOTSON.

Cumberland Furnace, Tenn.
December 9, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am writing you for you to bring
me something sweet. I am very
sweet little girl ten months old and
I am smart and I want you to bring
me a doll that will go to sleep and
some oranges, apples, candy and
please don't forget my grandma,
grandpa, mother, father.
From little
MARY L. BROWN.

TELEPHONE MAIN 1505 417 FOURTH AVE., N.

Eureka Ice Cream Co.

F. O. SAWYERS, Mgr.

Our Goods Are Made From Pure Jersey Cream Guaranteed Under the Pure Food and Drug Laws, State of Tennessee



F. O. SAWYERS

Manufacturers of Plain Ice Cream. Here is a Partial List.

Vanilla	Lemon	Chocolate
Orange	Strawberry	Pistachio
Maple Nut	Coffee	

35c per Quart; \$1.00 per Gal.
In Brick Form \$1.50 per Gal.

Manufacturers of Nut Ice Cream, one containing Nut Meats. Under this class we give you any flavored cream containing any kind of Nuts or more than one kind.

English Walnut	Chestnut
Filbert	Hazelnut
Pecan	Peanut

50c per Quart; \$2.00 per Gal.
In Brick form \$2.00 per Gal.

FRUIT ICE CREAM

One flavored with Fruit or a mixture of fruits

Apricot	Raspberry
Grape Fruit	Strawberry
Cherry	Peach
Pineapple	Banana
Cantaloupe	Cranberry
Toasted Coconut	

50c per Quart, \$1.50 per Gal.
In Brick, \$2 per Gal.

SHERBET OR WATER ICES

Orange	Mint	Grae
Pineapple	Cranberry	ple cn
	Currant	

35c per Quart; \$1.00 per Gallon

BISQUE ICE CREAM

One made with any flavors and with Baker's Products or confections such as

Macaroons	Grape Nut
Nabiscos	Sponge Cake
Marshmallows	Lemon Wafers
	Lady Fingers

75c per Quart, \$2.50 per Gallon.

FRAPPE AND PUNCH.

Lemon, per gallon, - \$1.00
Orange, per gallon, - \$1.00
Fruit, per gallon, - \$1.00

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED--PROMPT SHIPMENT